THE

# Adventures

1205

OF

# DICK DISTICH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,*
*Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*
PHÆDRUS.

A two-fold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.

London:

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# Miscellaneous

# POEMS,

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

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But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the Poet sings, and the world hears,
If He regard not; though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

COWPER.

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*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON,
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AND SOLD
BY SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY.

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"This little volume indicates a considerable degree of taste and elegance."

*British Critic for April,* 1812.

# Preface.

It has been so much the fashion of late days, to dress Vice in the garb of Sanctity, and Hypocrisy has attained such high eminence; that Truth, in whatever shape it may appear, will always prove an unwelcome visitor; and however Virtue may have suffered from the more open and avowed attacks of her

enemies,

enemies, the hypocrite is a more dangerous adversary; for he is not content to remain her secret foe, but actually borrows her appearance, and passes it upon mankind.

It has been found by long experience, that *Ridicule* is a far more powerful weapon than *Argument*; for the latter, if it be not overturned, may still be evaded; while the former, by holding up Vice in its proper characters to the world, renders it more liable to conviction. A man may be laughed out of his follies by Horace, who would not be scolded out of them by Juvenal; and a grave face may be

defeated,

defeated, but there is no resisting the logic of a smiling countenance.

The tendency of the following volumes will be found strictly moral. Truth may be told with pleasantry, and morality is surely not incompatible with good humour. A man need not be made cry, to teach him the common duties of life; and that philosophy is not the wisest which deals in penance and mortification.

The Adventures of Dick Distich, though they pourtray the more ludicrous scenes of life, will, I trust, afford many an useful lesson to mankind. Youth may perhaps derive instruction, and age entertainment.

ment. The laughing philosopher will find sufficient to provoke his mirth, and the man of sorrow will see that virtue is the best consolation in times of affliction. Though humour may be gratified, decency will not be offended; and vice can never experience a severer wound than that which is inflicted by the shafts of ridicule.

That some characters are drawn from *life*, the biographer is ready to acknowledge. The *Hypocrite*, the *Seducer*, and the *Oppressor of the fatherless and widow*, will see themselves pourtrayed. The upstart of fortune will find but little respect, and the fool who has nothing

thing but wealth to recommend him, may go away dissatisfied.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more
great?
Nothing——*but merit in a low estate.*

It has been the author's study to place innocence and virtue in the humblest spheres of life, without robbing the one of its interest, or the other of its dignity.

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# Dick Distich.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

*On the great Utility of Biography.*

BIOGRAPHY is allowed to be one of the most instructive and entertaining branches of literature; for in the life of a man, we read of those Virtues and Vices which cast a lustre or blemish upon his character; and by beholding the consequences that attend each of these,

we are enabled to profit, by imitating that which is amiable and wise, and shunning all that is dishonourable and vicious.

But we are apt to see in print certain productions which are called "Biographical Sketches," where the author relates all that may be good and great in a man's character, suppressing those vices, which if enumerated, would in all probability overbalance his merits: while another pursues the opposite plan, by representing his follies in the most disagreeable light, and what may be wanting to complete the picture is supplied with the embellishments of his own imagination.

Now

Now the plan intended to be pursued in the relation of this History is to shew neither favour nor disgust; and leave the reader to judge of the characters represented, by their respective actions. Though this may not suit the delicate taste of some, it will assuredly meet with the approbation of those to whom truth and candour are the best passports to admiration and applause.

But again.—Biography is of grand importance, and deserving of high encouragement; it informs us of the different dispositions of men, and gives us a knowledge of the world. If we read of a character eminently vicious, we recoil from it

with horror, while virtue must call forth our praise and emulation.

Now, we do most earnestly beseech the critics, whether masculine or feminine, noble or ignoble, learned or unlearned, to peruse this work with attention; if one chapter does not please them, let them turn to another, which, peradventure, may please them better; whatever is dull let them pass over in silence, for it would be as unjust to judge a man by one fault, as to condemn a book on account of a trifling error.

But there are some critics who are wise enough to see faults at a distance. These are termed squea-

mish

mish melancholy critics, whose imbecility is the best apology for their bad taste; while others of more irritable natures, condemn all which comes in their way, and the only chance an author has of escaping their abuse is to write as bad as they do themselves. We have only to say, that it is our determination to give as little offence as possible, and to steer clear of that biography already described. For he would be an admirable copyist of Nature, truly, who should paint a man outrageously ugly, because he was distinguished by a bottle-nose; or a lady exquisitely beautiful, because one feature in a

 frightful

frightful face happened to be tolerably passable.

We conclude this tedious chapter by hoping to receive the applause of the judicious, who will doubtless read before they condemn, and if they approve, will not hesitate to signify their approbation.

CHAPTER

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*The Hero of this History is introduced in the full practice of his waggeries.—Some account of his preceptors.—A strange personage brought upon the scene.—They become acquainted, and Distich is persuaded by him to quit the village.*

DICK DISTICH, the hero of this true history, was descended from an ancient family long known in Shropshire; the name of Distich being originally given to his great-grandfather, (who filled the double occupation of crier and parish-clerk) for his skill in rhyming. It is said he wrote poetry to the tink-

ling of his bell; and certain it is, that his rhymes have borne the *bell* from his own time down to the present moment. The knack of versifying gradually descended to his posterity, and was jocularly called by the neighbours "a family complaint." His mother was an honest country wench, who had listened too much to the exhortations of itinerant preachers; which, his father's disposition, being waggish, caused many disputes between them, which it is to be hoped were all amicably settled; for in due time the good couple died, leaving Dick under the protection of an old maiden aunt, who was very rich, and

and known to all the religious gossips for many miles round.

Her chief companions and pensioners, were a lusty deacon, who kept a twopenny ordinary, a zealous understrapper in the truth! Timothy Doleful, a blacksmith; Simon Razor, a barber; and Billy Goose, a sanctified tailor. Among such an assembly our hero could not have failed of making a rapid progress, had he been so inclined, but Fortune ordained it otherwise. He had already become notorious; he was often heard to sing unseemly ditties, such as Old Sir Simon the King, and Nancy Dawson. He had at sundry times been convicted of

robbing orchards, and at divers periods shot cats, the property of certain antiquated virgins of the place. He had also been guilty of digging a pit-fall, into which the lusty deacon tumbled, much to the despoiling of his sacred person, and discomposing of his animal spirits. He had likewise added no particular beauty to the countenance of Timothy Doleful, by setting fire to some brandy which had been spilt there, when Timotheus was a little in his cups. He had likewise blunted the sharp instruments of Simon Razor, greatly to the disadvantage of his daily practice, and much to the discomfiture of his

pious

pious mind: and lastly, had most diabolically raised an attack against the harmless Billy Goose, by driving pins through the chair on which he usually sat. There was not an old woman in the village who did not turn up her eyes when she beheld him, and it was a general prophecy among them that he was born to be hanged.

But though he neglected the admonitions given him by the deacon, he still closely applied himself to his studies, and in time became no contemptible scholar.

There lived in the neighbourhood a singular character, known by the name of Pegasus Highfly;

 but

but whose real one, was only Jemmy Stitchem, having been originally intended for a tailor, in which capacity his parents hoped to see him cut a figure. But Jemmy had contrived to find out the difference betwixt the swans of Helicon and a tailor's goose, the Mount of Parnassus and his master's shopboard, the lyre of Apollo and the musical jingle of a brace of thimbles. Full of poetical ideas he had absconded from his service with the laudable intention of living by his talents; he tortured his imagination in the various departments of ode, elegy, pastoral, heroics, the tender, and the terrific!

and at last had the good fortune to be employed for the purpose of composing love-ditties, &c. &c. in which way he contrived to get a poor and precarious living. As Dick happened to become acquainted with this strange character, their intimacy soon increased to a very strong friendship; they stormed in heroics, and whined in elegies, so that their joint productions might be said to defy criticism. Receiving continual reproaches for his inattention to those doctrines which his preceptors would have inculcated, and led away with the idea of becoming both popular and wealthy by prosecuting his poetical

talent,

talent, he suffered himself to be persuaded by Pegasus Highfly secretly to quit the village, and travel to London, as the only mart for literature, where their merits would undoubtedly meet with encouragement and reward.

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

*Dick and his companion reach London.—Their visit to Mr. Titlepage, their first attempt.—The appearance of a new character.—Our Adventurers are introduced to a tribe of authors.*

As brevity and conciseness is to be strictly attended to in the relation of this history, except upon more dignified and solemn occasions, when we shall think proper to indulge in the exuberance of our fancy. We must pass over the occurrences our adventurers might meet with on their way, and see them safely

safely arrived in London, full of expectation, and buoyed up with the hope of speedily realizing all their golden views. Their finances being low, they prudently hired a lofty apartment in a blind alley, free from noise and confusion, save the occasional warblings of some tuneful children of Apollo, who stretched their melodious throats to delight the worthy inhabitants. Being much fatigued with their journey, they retired to rest, and slept soundly.

Having risen betimes, they began to consider what steps they should take for their future subsistence. Pegasus Highfly proposed that they

should

should immediately repair to old Titlepage, the bookseller, and present the letter of recommendation which Scriblerus, the parish-clerk, had given them; to this our hero agreed, and they sallied forth on their intended errand. After a thousand perplexing inquiries, and aukward blunders, they arrived at the house, and were fortunate enough to find the old gentleman at home. Pegasus presented the billet, which Titlepage carefully perused. He then viewed them with great attention, and working up his muscles to an appearance of important gravity, asked if they knew the art of confounding. Dick

answered

answered in the affirmative, and Titlepage began to give them some instructions. "By the art of confounding," said he, "I mean jumbling words together, clipping sentences, and continually running out of the sense (if there be any); this style is particularly useful in the composition of political subjects, and the proper arrangement of foreign affairs; it keeps the mind in continual suspense, without ever gratifying the curiosity. By a ready invention, I mean writing accounts of robberies, murders, marriages, births, deaths, libels, and the like. There is a young member who has desired me to get him a parliamentary

tary speech; you may try your hand at it; I must have it this evening, as he wants to second the motion."

They were now interrupted by the entrance of a fellow whom Titlepage saluted by the name of Toby. This Toby it seems, was Titlepage's Mercury, and appeared to be an incongruous jumble of simplicity and low cunning. "What news, Toby," exclaimed the bookseller. "Why, really, master, very little (replied the fellow,) only a few murders, or so."—"Which I hope you have beautified with your own luxuriant imagination:—any deaths?"—"Only two; Church-

warden Pinch of a parish feast, and a poor woman who was starved in the workhouse. Away with the doctors, say I! since poor Doctor Slaughter was poisoned with his own pills we have had nothing worth mentioning: here are twenty marriages, fat work for the clergy! eighteen births, wonderful thriving times! Then here's an Ode to Sleep, and *Confusions* of Fancy"—"Effusions, blockhead! (roared Titlepage):—what, does Timothy Somnus write still? Poor fellow! if he had stuck more to principal and interest, he might not have been without a shirt, starving in a wretched garret; but he was one

of

of your high sort, too proud for drudgery, and has now got little else to support him but his pride." This reflection was not lost upon Dick and his companion; when Titlepage willing to initiate them in their new occupation, introduced them to some of his authors.

"This gentleman," cried the bookseller, pulling forward a ragged fellow, "is Mr. Sable, my writer of meditations, who lives in a blind alley at the bottom of Chick Lane. This, Mr. Crambo, my heroic poet, residing in a back garret that looks into Petty France. These, Mr. Blunder, my translator and Mr. Bungle, my note-maker,

two

two friendly gentlemen who sleep together in a flock bed at Cow-Cross. This, Mr. Sylvan, who writes me pastorals at his apartments in Shoreditch. These gentlemen (introducing three more) are my authors of essays, libels, and political pamphlets; they live together at the Hole in the Wall. This is Mr. Simple, my Pindaric ode-maker, who sings in a cock-loft near the Fleet. This, Mr. Lampoon, my biographer, living with Mr. Shudder, my romance and moral tale writer, in Duck Lane. And lastly, (introducing a dirty miserable wretch, with no shirt, half a pair of breeches, and a

coat

coat without sleeves) this is Mr. Aristarchus, junior, critic, epigrammatist, and sonnetteer, who lives at the farthing pie-house in Saint Giles's."

Distich and his companion bowed respectfully to all, but kept a proper distance from the sonnet-writer, whose exterior was far from prepossessing; for beside a most villainous countenance, he had apparently employed so much of his time in minding other people's business, that he had totally forgotten all which related to himself. Titlepage now began to open a scheme to libel a certain

public

public character, and asked the advice of his authors.

Mr. Sylvan offered to compose some pastorals, and declare him to be the author. The biographer thought it would be better to write his life; while Aristarchus, junior, tendered his services, as critic, epigrammatist, and sonnetteer. The cock-loft swain said that a Pindaric ode would prove still more effectual. Mr. Shudder offered to make him hero of a romance. Mr. Sable asserted that nothing could be better than to ascribe to him his last Meditation. The translator swore that his paraphrase on the

Psalms

Psalms would not only damn him in this world, but in that which is to come. The heroic poet promised to do his business, while Mr. Blunder declared he was ready to write notes to them all. Titlepage thanked them for their offers, and desired to know what they had brought him

The biograpner produced the beginning of a man's life before the doctors had put an end to it. Aristarchus read a dull epigram. Mr. Sylvan pulled out a pastoral, value three farthings. The romance-writer threw down a bundle of horrors. Mr. Simple offered the three first lines of a Pindaric ode.

ode. The translator produced poor Virgil half crucified. The authors of essays, libels, and political pamphlets, brought several specimens in their way; but the writer of meditations, and the maker of odes, brought nothing but a few rags, and empty stomachs. "What degenerate times are these," cried the critic, "see how true merit is permitted to languish in obscurity." "Aye, aye," cried the heroic poet, "whenever I look at my own poverty, I console myself that old Homer suffered as much before me." "And would Gray have worn so good a coat if he had wanted friends?" cried the ode-

maker,

maker, "but I hate comparisons." "Virgil had a patron," remarked the pastoral writer, "but I scorn to be my own trumpeter." "Alas!" cried Mr. Bungle, "there is a sad difference between the Augustan age and the present one, or Horace might have starved in a garret like his translator."

These gentry had no sooner departed, than Titlepage burst into a loud laugh, and asked Distich how he liked his authors. Dick replied, and with justice too, that they were extremely lean. "Aye," cried the bookseller, "I am obliged to keep them so; when

they get into high feeding they grow idle and impertinent."—But now for the more important part of our history.

## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

*A dreadful adventure related.—Some strange characters introduced; with other particulars.*

OUR adventurers had scarcely reached their habitation, after their visit to Mr. Titlepage, before they were alarmed by a tremendous noise that arose in the house, in the shape of the following ejaculation:—"And is a helpless virgin to be slandered because a brutal villain attempts to ravish her?" "Ravish!" exclaimed a voice, not

very remarkable for harmony; "pretty virgins, indeed, to let fellows be skulking in their chambers."—Our poets now entered the scene of action, where they beheld a group somewhat remarkable. The first was a tall meagre figure, with a countenance denoting ill-nature; her complexion was swarthy, and and her eyes small and fiery, which were however nearly obscured by a huge pair of cheek bones that rose on each side to defend them. Her neck resembled that of a crane, her chin was of a proportionate length, and her nose bore a strong similitude to that of Solomon's beloved, which he describes

scribes with so much beauty:—"Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus." The next figure was a stout Hibernian, who possessed in an eminent degree every exterior which in general characterizes his countrymen; and last, the lady of the house, who, though the very reverse of the nymph above mentioned, was a no less engaging creature in her way.

"Oh you inhuman ravisher!" cried the meagre lady; "is this the way you use your unhappy Fatalinida, is this the return that she is to expect for all her condescension?"—"Marry," cried the land-

lady, "some folks pretend to be mighty modest; but I knows what I knows; I am an honest woman, though I says it, and hates ******." At the mention of the last word, Miss Fatalinida Freebottle, (for that, gentle reader, was the lady's name) had recourse to her smelling-bottle; and turning up her nose, remarked, that the vulgarity of the creature's appearance was the best apology for the grossness of her discourse. "But as for you," turning to the Irishman, "I will tear you in pieces." "Och! by the sweet J——s," cried Pad, "I should like to see the dear *cratur* touch a hair of my head;" and

throwing

throwing himself into a posture of defence, overturned the unfortunate landlady, whose descent upon the ground resembled that of a pig of lead, more than a feather. Dick seeing her in this distress, with the assistance of Pegasus, helped her upon her legs, and no sooner did the hostess find herself on firm footing, than she clenched her fists, and darted them full at the head of the Irishman, who acknowledged their force by immediate prostration. But Nature, ever mindful of all our necessities, had provided this gentleman with a skull of thickness and durability sufficient to have adorned a sopo-

rific interpreter of the Gospel, or added importance to a special pleader at the bar; so that the worst effect produced by this blow was a temporary suspension of the senses. Miss Freebottle seeing the forlorn situation of her lover, distinguished by the name of Mr. Terence O'Whack, made one effort to revenge his fate by assaulting the landlady; but alas! only to hasten her own, for the woman of the house with one blow levelled her with the ground.

Dick who had read something concerning giants, furies, and the like; and Pegasus who had himself written a book wherein he maintained

tained the existence of she-devils, and enchanters, both viewed this heroine as an hermaphrodite, or descendant from the Anthropophagi. Terence having recovered from the effects of his blow, was going to return the obligation with proper interest, had not our hero arrested his arm, and represented how much his honor would suffer by striking a *defenceless* female. At the mention of the last adjective, O'Whack knitted his brows, and muttering a curse, declared her to be a she-devil in petticoats. The tender Fatalinida, after numerous sighings and heavings, with abundance of tears, besought the Irishman to re-

venge her wrongs. Dick and Pegasus now thought proper to interfere, and proposed a general accommodation.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the vanquished than this proposition, who found themselves in no condition to continue hostilities; for beside a severe blow which the luckless Terence had encountered upon that spot where the brains of a man are generally supposed to lie, he had received another on that feature which stands most prominent on the countenance, from whence the gentle blood of the Irishman flowed in purple streams. Miss Freebottle had like-

wise

wise sustained some small injury; for, as the landlady's fist seldom gave a salutation without leaving a visible sign behind it, she had to boast of having received what Nature had denied her, namely a black eye; but of a different kind from those described by the poets.

The landlady having no desire to renew the combat, acceded to the proposal, and a reconciliation was happily effected between the parties; after which Dick and Pegasus were invited to sup with the hostess, as were Miss Fatalinida Freebottle, and her quondam lover Mr. Terence O'Whack.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

*A sublime and learned discourse on love;—its operations.—A further account of some persons already introduced.*

"LOVE is heaven, and heaven is love," saith a writer, whose name at this moment I cannot recollect. Now if this be the case, many have tasted of heaven previous (as Shakspeare expresses) to their passing that bourne from whence no traveller returns; for as many folks go to heaven during their natural life, it is beyond a doubt but that lovers have a particular heaven assigned to them,

them, as cuckolds have; who, it is reported, ascend in multitudes on a rainy day, when Sol shews his face by way of derision. Now love, like medicine, is of many kinds; and each of them operates upon mankind in various ways.—For instance, some physic causeth the most horrible gripings, pains, and vomitings: this is similar to that love which ariseth from money; when we take a wealthy hag, like a nauseous medicine, thereby punishing one desire for the gratification of another.

There is also another kind of love, called by philosophers Platonic, which is like unto that love

a miser

a miser beareth his treasure, which he delighteth to fondle, without ever daring to enjoy:—but this, like piety, is more professed among toothless harridans than practised; for an amorous virgin of fifty is no uncommon creature now-a-days, which tempts us to believe, that like wine, they grow better from long keeping; and certain it is, that they get *crusty* the more they increase in years.

Love, like charity, hath been often abused; and many enter its sacred temple who have no manner of business there: but Dan Cupid who knoweth his true votaries, often tormenteth hypocrites,

when they are the least aware of it. And if we are to believe what the renowned Grizzle asserteth, we shall find that

——— Love no distinction bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?

It will no doubt be asked why these observations have been made? We shall therefore answer the question thus;—that it being our intention to treat every subject in a manner suited to its importance, and that we shall spare neither time nor paper in so doing; we do most earnestly beseech all who shall think fit to quarrel with our plan,

plan, to pass over these learned digressions, and peruse the continuance of our history.

In a preceding chapter, we introduced in no very honorable way, three characters; Miss Fatalinida Freebottle, the landlady, and Mr. Terence O'Whack, of whom we shall have occasion to speak further. It is not our intention to give the minute history of Terence, having no desire to search into Irish biography; and as for the lady, since we have made her appear, it will be of little consequence to tell from whom she was descended. Suffice it to say, that the former was a native of Tippe-

rary,

rary, and that London had the honor of giving birth to the latter; that ancestors they had, without doubt, but who they were and what they were, we must leave the reader to conjecture, being ourselves unacquainted with the particulars.

Now mischievous Love had thought fit to play a few pranks with these two characters. Not that Terence stood in danger of being mistaken for the Apollo of Belvedere, or the lady for Venus de Medicis:—no; his body, possessed not the most exact symmetry of shape, being more masculine than well made; nor had Fatalinida to boast of any extraordinary attrac-

tions;

tions: but in spite of all this, they had conceived a very favourable opinion of each other, and were both able to cry "*Nunc scio quid sit amor.*"

Mother Punchbowl, the landlady, had in her youth been no very amiable character; but the period had arrived when she quitted the practical service of Venus to become a venerable handmaid in the same; and was mighty tenacious of her brandy, and the credit of her house. In this retirement the qualms of conscience beginning to trouble her, she ventured to a certain meeting of fanatical resort; and so successfully did

did the preacher hurl forth his religious thunderbolts, that she left off singing her obscene ditties, to chaunt their profane hymns, and became a complete convert to the Anabaptist tribe. How far her repentance is sincere, we will not pretend to say; her behaviour is in general decent, save when she is overcome by anger, which is, alas! too frequent; or overpowered by her favorite brandy, which we are sorry to say is still more so.

We must now introduce another character, but of a different description; namely, Fanny, a sprightly lass of eighteen, who lived as companion with Mother Punchbowl.

Punchbowl. She was a damsel highly discreet, and had some pretensions to beauty, if a continual glow of health, a pair of black eyes, and a good complexion, could give her any. Her charms had done some execution among the young fellows in the neighbourhood, to whom she behaved with becoming reserve. They had however particularly smote the heart of Ebenezer Jargon, one of the most vociferous of the Anabaptist preachers. He declared that he had beheld as it were a vision, which foretold wonderful things concerning her: but Fanny possessed a certain valuable gift called

"common

"common sense," which taught her to distinguish betwixt right and wrong, and made her see through the reasonings of the lascivious Jargon. When Ebenezer found what little effect his eloquence produced, he in a convenient, but unlucky moment, sought to gratify his desires; when good fortune appeared in the shape of Mr. Terence O'Whack, who being roused by Fanny's cries, hastened to the spot, brandishing a crab stick, and made such excellent use of it, that had not Jargon's skull been of more than mortal thickness, it would have rendered that gentleman incapable of ever again

playing

playing the hypocrite in this world. We shall not pretend to describe the effects produced by this rough salutation; he hath never since attempted the like, being well convinced that any further assault would be attended with still further danger.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

*Our Hero is persuaded to turn romance-writer. —The rage of Mr. Shudder.—Dick's generosity to a half-pay officer.—The introduction of Mr. Peregrine Daggermar—and his business with Titlepage.*

DICK and Pegasus now paid a second visit to Mr. Titlepage.— "Take my advice," cried the bookseller, "and write a romance. I see thou art ignorant of the art of *authoring*. Write for fame quotha! Here is Mr. Aristarchus, the most useful man in my way; how much am I indebted to his invention! give him an hour's notice, and he

will furnish you with a libel that may be applied to any one.—Name a book and he'll undertake to write a critique upon it." Aristarchus bowed at this compliment, and replied, that he thought romance-writing the most profitable way of employing time, and joined Titlepage in persuading Distich to desert common sense, to dwell among demons and hobgoblins. As our hero sat down to perform his task with all possible expedition, unmindful of censure or applause, it was not long before he completed it, to the great delight of Titlepage, who was in raptures with the piece, and declared that in all the

the romances he had ever read, none contained a choicer collection of caverns and ghosts, or a better chosen company of infernal spirits.

But here Dick gained a bitter enemy in the person of Mr. Shudder, who had long presided over the d——d with unlimited authority. Whenever Distich entered a cavern, Mr. Shudder roundly swore that he had been there before him, and claimed every vault and spirit as his own individual property. In justice, however, to our hero, we must acquit him of all plagiary, for the works of Mr. Shudder possessed one considerable advantage —they baffled all imitation.

A figure now entered somewhat remarkable. It was a man of good person and address, but withal so miserably attired, that it was difficult to say whether his appearance was likely to provoke laughter or commisseration. His coat was regimental, but nearly deprived of its color and substance; his breeches were of the same; waistcoat he had none; and as for shirt, it would have been difficult to discover such an appendage: while his hat had in all probability passed through three generations of the family from its shape and quality. Titlepage, without seeming to notice his entrance, continued

continued to converse with Dick, but the stranger at length approached, and requested of him a few minutes conversation. The bookseller surlily complied, and in a few minutes exclaimed—"I will not advance another farthing; am I to give you bank bills upon no better security than empty promises?"—and was walking away; when the suppliant arrested his steps, and implored his assistance in the most passionate manner. "It is not for myself that I sue for aid, but a helpless family who are dependent upon me alone; can I behold them endure all the miseries of want, and not feel my heart

burst with anguish?—No—I must forget my pride as a man, to act as is becoming a father." He then turned aside to conceal the tear which was falling down his cheek, while the bookseller retired with a soul incapable of experiencing the slightest emotion of humanity. "Must they then starve?"—cried the poor wretch, frantic with agony. Dick could hold out no longer, but appoaching the sufferer, put a crown (which he had just received from Titlepage) into his hand, and bade him be comforted. The stranger started;—he could say nothing, his heart was full;—and pressing our hero's hand with

great

great earnestness, instantly disappeared. Titlepage who beheld the action, felt piqued, and remarked that his generosity was ill-bestowed upon such an idle fellow. "And who is he?" demanded Dick;—"A half-pay officer," replied the bookseller, "with a wife and six bantlings; the poor devil has been ill, and consequently idle;—a desperate miserable set they are; but that I can't help;—my rule is, no work no pay." Toby now entered, escorting a gentleman dressed in a very fashionable style. "I am come, sir," cried the strange personage, "to demand the reason why you had the unexampled au-

dacity to publish that villainous libel upon my person, genius, and profession. My name, Sir, is Mr. Peregrine Daggermar, and my profession that of a tragedian.—Yes, sir, and I would have you to know, a gentleman by birth and education." The bookseller was not a little alarmed at this, and after numerous hums and has, declared that he was very sorry.—"Confusion!" resumed the player; "what good will your sorrow do?—How could you presume to assert that I was a [illegible] decrepid looking mortal?—Does not my person give you the lie?—What induced you to say that my performance

was

was a burlesque upon Nature, when the whole town is ready to acknowledge the originality of my genius?—But what vexed me the most, was your cursed effrontery in giving out that I was formerly nothing better than a candle-snuffer; that my father was to be put in the plural number, namely, two or more fathers; and that my mother was a travelling gipsey, and brought me forth in a barn. Now, thank heaven, though I have never rose higher than a duke, I have never been lower than a discarded general.—That my mother was neither a whore nor a gipsey; and as for my birth-place, I have

 never

never made that any particular object of inquiry; but let me tell you, sir, it was neither a cobler's cellar, (which might do as well) nor a farmer's barn."

Mr. Daggermar having uttered this in a truly theatrical tone of voice, threatened to prosecute the bookseller; at the mention of which Titlepage began to tremble; for every guinea was to him a drop of his own blood, and he dreaded nothing more than an attack upon his purse; the strength of which was his only consolation in times of affliction.

But the good-nature of Peregrine prevailed, and he was content to

receive an apology, which Titlepage joyfully made;—indeed, it was a mark of prudence in the player to submit to these terms; for had he been obliged to disclose certain family secrets, it would have rendered the libel in question less obnoxious in point of veracity; his mother being one of those nymphs who exclaimed with Eloisa—

When press'd to *marriage*, often have I said,
"Curse on all laws, but those which *love* has made."

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

*Dick and Pegasus are present at a ball and concert.—A particular description of them, and the adventures of the evening related.*

DICK and Pegasus, since their arrival in London, had been so completely immersed in business that they had found no time to partake of any of its amusements: they therefore resolved to relax their minds by accompanying Mr. O'Whack to a ball and concert, to which they had been invited by that gentleman.

Miss Fatalinida Freebottle was prevailed upon to become one of the

party,

party, but no entreaties could persuade Mother Punchbowl to join them, or permit Fanny to partake of the evening's entertainment.

They set out at an early hour towards the neighbourhood of Tottenham-Court Road, and soon arrived at the place of rendezvous. They entered a large room where a multitude of persons were assembled, and Terence introduced his party, who were all received with great politeness, or rather, a very hearty welcome. They appeared to be chiefly of the Irish nation; and our guests, encouraged by the reception they had received, began to enjoy the company, while Fatalinida sweetly

simpered

simpered at every compliment which flattery paid her charms. When the dancing began Distich was matched to a smart smirking damsel, but Pegasus was unfortunately coupled with an old maid who shook with the palsy, and whose breath wafted forth gales impregnated with garlic. When he took out this tottering harridan, what with the singularity of her appearance and his own natural timidity, he was so much overcome that as he hobbled along he kicked one, trod upon the toes of another, and got laughed at by all.

Between the intervals of dancing, whisky was served up in plentiful libations, and the honest Hibernians

displayed

displayed their accustomed hilarity and good humour. The concert then commenced, which consisted of a mediy of instruments played in horrible discord: some few attempted to sing, and one in particular chaunted an Irish ditty in no inharmonious bray.

Terence now introduced our hero to some of his most particular friends, Mr. Patrick O'Shannon, Mr. Teddy Fitzgrallaghan, and Mr. Dermot O'Shinnaghly, three genlemen of genius. Mr. O'Shannon was writing the natural history of Carrickfergus and Tipperary. Mr. Fitzgrallaghan was employed in collecting a copious list of all the

remarable

remarkable battles since the time of the celebrated M'Murrough, king of Leinster, from ancient Irish manuscripts; while Mr. O'Shinnaghly was drawing plans for the general improvement of architecture in Ireland. But the copious draughts of whisky punch began to work very forcibly upon the company, the number of voices increased, the piper's wig was set fire to, and gallantries went on apace. Terence kissed Fatalinida, who took all in good part; Dick joined in the mirth, but Pegasus, whose disposition was naturally serious, and whose brain could bear a larger portion of arrack to make him unbend

bend his accustomed solemnity, sat gazing at the riotous assembly with wonderful composure.

It was late before the company separated; Mr. O'Whack escorting Miss Freebottle, accompanied by Distich and Pegasus Highfly. When they got home, the discourse turned upon the amusements of the evening. Pegasus expressed great mortification at being coupled with that withered urganda, but paid a handsome compliment to the punch, which he declared was excellent. The landlady pronounced all such amusements highly profane, and asked the opinion of Fanny, who thought proper to agree with

with her mistress. Mother Punch-bowl commended her prudence, and Pegasus was delighted with the virtuous sentiments expressed by the maiden.

Miss Freebottle, on whom the liquor had worked a favourable effect, namely, that of removing her ill-nature, declared herself to have been highly pleased with the dancing; but as for the concert, it was truly hideous.—"Why to be sure," cried Terence, "little Roderick O'Connor brought a whistle instead of a pipe, and Paddy O'Halloran's fiddle had only two strings; but all the rest was charming. The company now thought of

of retiring; Terence's, gallantry would have made him conduct Miss Freebottle to her chamber, but this the lady would by no means permit. Dick and Pegasus ascended to their apartment, and having woo'd the drowsy goddess, to use poetical language, their senses were soon steeped in forgetfulness.

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

*A specimen of sublime writing.—A discovery made by Dick.—Our poets receive an unexpected visit from a strange personage.*

Now the blooming daughter of Terra and Titan, the sister of the sun and moon, the mother of the winds and stars, whose countenance shineth like gold, and whose fingers are as red as roses, the beauteous goddess Aurora appeared, once more to gild the horizon, and diffuse joy over the face of Nature. In vulgar language, it was morning, and about that time when "school-boys

boys lag with satchells in their hands."

Oh! all powerful Love! by whom I am inspired, and with whom I hope also to inspire my readers: thou who makest equal ravages among gods and men—thou who didst transform Jupiter into a white bull, that he might ravish Europa, inflame Sol to deflower Clymene, and tempt the amorous god of war to cuckold poor Vulcan; how shall weak mortals hope to resist thy power?—But to pursue our biography.

Pegasus had of late been wholly employed in writing love-elegies, and songs, and while he was composing

posing them, would bite his nails, scratch his head, and sigh most piteously; his countenance likewise increased in longitude, and he was observed to weep. Now if this arose from the inspiring influence of the Muse, the Lord deliver us from such inspiration! No;— there was some other cause which truth bids us reveal;—namely, the the charms of Fanny, which gave life to his numbers, and made them flow with brisker melody.

Dick had observed this alteration in the person and behaviour of his friend, and upon questioning him concerning it, received such answers as only tended to increase his curiosity.

He

He however one morning chanced to overhear him declaring his affection in the warmest terms; and knowing the philosophical temper of Pegasus, was not a little surprized. "Charming creature!" he exclaimed, "can you once doubt my sincerity?"—"I hope," cried Fanny, "that you are not one of those false perjury men who take pleasure in deceiving poor girls." —"No," replied the poet, "my passion breathes nothing but the purest desires; desires, which inflamed the gods themselves, and from thence descended into the bosoms of men." In this manner did Pegasus continue an oration of no

small

small length, nor did Fanny entirely extinguish his hopes. Dick took the earliest opportunity of putting his friend into some consternation, by declaring his passion for Fanny, and his intention of proposing marriage to her. This piece of mischief had the desired effect; for Pegasus turned pale, and stammered out, "What, marry Fanny!" "Aye," cried Dick, "it is possible to find a worse. But why ask that question?—Do you suspect her virtue?"—"I do not," replied the poet with energy, "she is as chaste as the mother who bore me; but too poor for you. You have good expectations, which ought to entitle

you

you to a fine lady."—"O!" replied our hero, "I never consider the disparity of circumstances in a love-affair; but from your warmth, one would really suppose that you were fond of the girl yourself." "I fond of her!" stammered his friend, blushing, "no, no; the damsel is mighty pretty, that's certain; and a virtuous well inclined lass withal."—"Come, come," cried Distich, "you *do* love her; it is useless to deny it, and I hope you will win her:—don't be ashamed, man, love is an honorable passion, and as you said, inspired the gods themselves." He then undeceived Pegasus as to his pretended regard,

 and

and chid him for endeavouring to conceal it.

While they were thus discoursing a great bustle was heard upon the stairs, and presently a ragged figure bust into the room, which they discovered to be Mr. Sable, the writer of meditations. Our hero was going to speak, when the intruder, who had recovered his breath, thus addressed them:— "You will doubtless, gentlemen, deem my conduct very strange, in appearing before you in this situation; but when a man is pressed hard by necessity, he must wave all formalities. I have been dogged for these three hours by two

two ill looking fellows called bailiffs, and after having led them through all the holes and corners of the town, was congratulating myself that I had eluded them, when on turning a corner abruptly, one of the rogues met me face to face, and the only refuge I had was to take the advantage of finding your door open, and seek for protection by entering your apartment." Dick expressed great satisfaction at his having escaped from such troublesome companions, and begged him to partake of some refreshment.

"I believe," cried the author, "you are in the employ of Mr. Titlepage; and I must congratu-

 late

late you upon entering into a profession which is productive of so many enjoyments---and alas! so many miseries. An author is in general considered by mankind as an indolent useless animal; the great treat him with contempt as a pauper, and the mob with insult as a sharper;---not but there are many who live in luxury, but that is no indication of superior merit. An author ought to be judged by his works, not by the adulation that he may receive from the ignorant, or the patronage he may enjoy from the powerful. A blockhead praises a poet, to be thought a good judge, while a rogue re-

wards

wards him to purchase his compliments and favours. I myself have endured the frowns of the world, and the oppression of the wealthy; for Justice is kept in awe by riches, while poor rogues alone come under the cognizance of the laws."

Dick and Pegasus expressed much surprize at such flagrant injustice, in a land which boasts of enjoying so much liberty. "'Tis too true," cried the writer of meditations; and while we see hospitals erected for various purposes, it would be well to build one for the reception of starving poets, though I fear that it must be larger than the

the Temple of Solomon to contain one half of them." Distich smiled at the remark, and in the course of conversation mentioned the name of Aristarchus. "Miserable grub!" exclaimed Mr. Sable, "he will one day hang himself for envy. I must with shame confess that I was among the number of your enemies when I first beheld you at the house of Mr. Titlepage; for his authors are so numerous, ragged, and ill provided for, that we consider every new comer as an intruder, and consequently entitled to our hatred: but the moment I heard the story of your generosity to the half-pay officer, I became your

warmest

warmest advocate, and revered you as an example of honor and humanity." Mr. Sable now retired, having promised to pay them a further visit, but hoping that it would not be in such another case of emergency.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

*A discourse upon matrimony.—Dick and Pegasus are present at a marriage between two celebrated characters;—and a dreadful adventure on a stage coach related.*

HAVING in a preceding chapter discoursed pretty largely upon love, let us take notice of that which certain philosophers have held out for its cure—matrimony.

Now if this be the only nostrum capable of removing that violent disease, we may perhaps be tempted to say, that the cure is worse than the

the distemper itself; for as love assaileth the heart, and holds it fast, matrimony in like manner layeth peculiar restraint upon the body, and may be said to imprison it likewise. Love raiseth a flame violent and unquenchable, and wedlock kindleth certain ones, which though of a different nature, rage with equal fury.

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, of famous memory, is an eminent example: for so great was the curiosity of that good woman to know the extent of her husband's patience, that she lost no opportunity of putting it to the trial.

Now this laudable maxim hath

been so universally adopted by succeeding Xantippes, that some have actually tried the patience of their husbands until there has remained none to try; for as gold is tried by fire, patience (which the reader knoweth to be far more precious than gold or silver,) is put to the trial in the like way. As we are going to enter upon some matrimonial scenes very shortly, we trust that this discourse will not prove wholly unamusing to the reader.

Miss Fatalinida Freebottle, and Mr. Terence O'Whack, had now spent a very decent time in modest courtship, and had at length resolved to be joined together in that

state

state which has just been the subject of our discourse. All will doubtless commend this discreet couple for the step which they were about to take, and the character of Fatalinida will appear in the most engaging light:—to have refused such a lover as Mr. O'Whack would have been the greatest folly imaginable; especially at an age (for the nymph had arrived at her years of discretion) when the female mind is supposed to have passed the period of desperation.

The preliminaries being settled, and the wedding-day fixed, Dick, Pegasus, the landlady, and Fanny, were invited to be present at the solemnity.

solemnity. As they resolved to make a day of it, Terence proposed that they should *breakfast the over night*, to prevent loss of time; but be that as it may, they set out early the next morning to a village a few miles from town, where they had agreed to be coupled.

As they entered the church, Miss Freebottle betrayed some maidenish symptoms, while Pegasus cast no unmeaning look at Fanny. The old matron behaved with great solemnity, and Dick cracked many jests on the devoted Irishman. They passed through the ceremony tolerably well, and the party left the church to refresh themselves

at

at a neighbouring ale-house. The hostess was now summoned to give an account of her larder. This good creature, whose chief characteristic was prudence, recommended her chickens, which she pronounced to be the most *delicatest* in the world; and likewise held forth upon the peculiar excellence of some bacon and beans, which were just ready to be produced. Distich and the Irishman fixed upon the chickens, and two were ordered to be put to the fire; but Fatalinida betrayed such particular affection for the bacon and beans, that this dish was also ordered to satisfy the longings of the bride.

The

The hostess did not immediately repair to the kitchen to spit the fowls: no,—a previous ceremony was to be performed, for they were still hopping about the yard. She therefore went thither, and having slaughtered two old hens, they were expeditiously picked, dressed, and brought before the party. When Terence began to dissect them, and found that they resisted his attacks, he pronounced many hearty curses; while the landlady apologized, and laid the whole blame upon her cook Betty, who had spoiled them in the dressing. The company however appeared emulous which should excel in

their attachment to the second course, and the bride (whom we must now call Mrs. O'Whack) distinguished herself particularly upon this occasion. When dinner was over, the venerable Mother Punchbowl delivered an oration by way of advice to the new-married couple. She exhorted Terence to obey the commands of his wife, and bade Mrs. O'Whack enforce those commands with proper authority: she represented how many quarrels arose from the obstinacy and disobedience of husbands, and concluded by reversing the well-known exhortation of Saint Paul. A bottle of wine was then called for, and

Distich

Distich drank the health of the bride. The hostess catching at this, wished Fatalinida joy; and understanding that O'Whack was the fortunate swain, put on a captivating simper, and declared that she could not be otherwise than happy with such an *angel of a man*. As it was the first time that ever Terence had been compared to any thing celestial, his politeness made a full display; and rising from his chair, he made the landlady a very low bow. The remainder of the day was spent in great harmony, and the reckoning being settled, they mounted one of those stages where the driver

cares

cares as little for his master's horses as he does for the licence, by admitting three times the number he ought to mount his vehicle. An old man in the inside seeing such a numerous party, began to be apprehensive, and threatened to prosecute the coachman; but honest John, who was used to such menaces, took no notice of the threat, but crying, "Gee up!" the sagacious animals understood the call, and went on at a good round pace.

Now the driver had a sprightly damsel sitting with him upon the box, and being of an amorous complexion, was toying and making love

love to her instead of minding his horses, which drew the coach to one side of the road, where some earth was heaped up in banks, upon which it tilted and upset. The outside passengers were thrown in all directions; an attorney's clerk pitched with his head against the stomach of the portly Mother Punchbowl, and O'Whack alighted near his spouse; but in such a position as made him repent that she had not taken the advice of the sage Pythagoras, "*Abstine a fabis.*"—The company very fortunately received no material injury from this accident, except

except the driver, who got a few bruises, which he well deserved for his dangerous inattention.

Our party being not over-willing to remount the stage, set forward towards London, which was about two miles distant; during which the attorney's clerk gave them some account of his profession, and quoted as much Latin as would take up too great a portion of our paper to write down, and the reader's patience to peruse. The company at length reached home, not much pleased with their latter adventure. The evening was notwithstanding spent very pleasantly, and the ceremony of throwing the stocking,

&c.

&c. duly performed. The happy moment now arrived when the bride was to retire; Mother Punchbowl and Fanny put her to bed, while Dick and Pegasus plied the bridegroom briskly with liquor. The venerable mother soon arrived with the joyful news that Fatalinida was undressed;—Terence at this information jumped up, hugged Dick and Pegasus, kissed the matron and Fanny, and invoking Saint Patrick, burst into the chamber of his expecting bride.

## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

*Dick grows melancholy.—The grief of his friends.—Toby's stratagems to remove it.—Dick undergoes dreadful bleedings and purgations.—The doctor is dismissed and he recovers.*

DICK and Pegasus had hitherto lived in a much better way than usually falls to the lot of poets, and had experienced but few of the wants and necessities of life; but the civility of Titlepage began fast to decline; he rewarded their labours very sparingly, and treated them in common with the rest of his

his authors. Distich perceived this change with much inward chagrin, which was the more bitter, being conscious of his inability to extricate himself. He ascribed the bookseller's conduct to the decay of his own powers, and applied himself to business with double alacrity, but all his endeavours proved ineffectual; Titlepage openly abused them, and his insolence had now become intolerable.

The pride of our hero could ill brook this treatment; he burned to resent it, but the painful idea of his dependence checked every resolution, and the cares and vexations of the world which began to

press hard upon him, produced a melancholy that rendered him incapable of performing those tasks which were imposed upon him. Titlepage imputing this to mere indolence, withheld his assistance; and had it not been for the indefatigable industry of Pegasus, he might have perished for want. This good creature was well nigh distracted with grief for the deplorable situation of his friend, and Terence manifested much real sorrow, for he bore Dick a very hearty esteem. The landlady, Fanny, and even the immaculate Mrs. O'Whack, did all in their power to divert his gloom; but

neither

neither the buffoonery of Terence, nor the pious exhortations of Mother Punchbowl had their desired effect.

But Distich had another friend who loved him heartily; this was no other than Toby, the Mercury whom Titlepage employed upon most occasions. This Toby as we have before observed, was a downright simpleton, but withal a fellow who possessed an excellent heart; his brain was a never-failing mine for extravagances, and his gestures were buffoonery itself. It was Toby's constant rule after his day's work was finished, to repair to the chamber of our hero, and relate any droll adventure that he might

have

have met with in the course of his peregrinations: he likewise practised many stratagems to force Dick from his voluntary confinement. At one time he gave an alarm of fire, when Terence rushed into the street half naked, and Fatalinida had very nigh leaped out of window. He next bribed a puppet-show man to exhibit Punch and his celebrated wife Joan: the fallings out of this couple had the desired effect, and Dick was observed to laugh heartily. Terence beheld their matrimonial combats with much glee, and whenever Punch beat his wife he testified great delight. But

Mrs. O'Whack and Mother Punch-bowl decried it as an immoral entertainment, tending to hold forth a bad example; and reproached Master Punch very severely. The part, however, which gave most offence, was the combat betwixt Punch and the Devil, which the matron could not endure for its impiety, and declared that the show ought to be burnt, and the owner excommunicated. The showman insisted upon Punch's prerogative, and O'Whack offered to prove the vast antiquity of the amusement. He declared that puppet-shows were first invented in Ireland, when some great Roman monarch came

to

to demand the princess Mac Flinnigan, daughter of the king of Munster, in marriage; that there was a feast for three days, during which the emperor was treated with salt pork, puppet-shows, and potatoes. But when they came to that part of the exhibition where Punch throws his wife out of window, the ladies could hold out no longer: Mrs. O'Whack made a violent assault upon the puppet-show, while Mother Punchbowl snatched a burning poker from the fire, the sight of which struck such terror to the soul of the exhibitor, that he hoisted it upon his shoulder, and scampered down stairs as if the



devil

devil had been at his heels. But these stratagems only worked a temporary effect upon our hero, and he soon relapsed into his former sadness.

Pegasus was at last resolved to try whether it was possible for physic to remove the disease of melancholy, and engaged one of the sons of Æsculapius to examine into the case of his friend. Distich at first rejected all overtures made by this learned disciple; but the solemn and stately appearance of Doctor Bolus overawed all his scruples; and he submitted to undergo a regular course of purgation.

The doctor remarked with infinite

nite sagacity, that diseases of the mind were nothing more than a depression of the animal spirits, occasioned by a redundancy of gall; and gave a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon the nature and properties of s[illegible] he explained the meaning of [illegible] vous system, and made son[illegible] marks upon fractures simple [illegible] compound; he then felt Dick's pulse, pronounced him "*non compos mentis*," and recommended immediate phlebotomy. Now Doctor Bolus was a true disciple of Doctor Sangrado, in every thing save the hot water; for so nice was his conscience in that point, that he was

 resolved

resolved to give his patients something more than hot water for their money; and Dick was in consequence of this, condemned to swallow the most nauseous potions which the prudent apothecary thou- it to administer. Thrice was he obliged to throw a whole dispensary of apo- s, jalaps, and cathartics, and thrice also was he doomed to bleed. Nay, so little mercy had the doctor upon Dick, that though he often fainted under the violent operations he was forced to undergo, he ascribed it all to the non-defluxion of the humours. The potent applications of Mr. Bolus, however, worked

worked such a surprising effect upon our hero, that in less than a fortnight he was reduced to a mere skeleton; much to the satisfaction of his prescriber, who declared that he had spared neither blood nor physic; for the doctor was one of those who would rather kill, than not conquer the disease.

Pegasus was much alarmed at Dick's appearance; but no sooner did Toby behold the wonderful alteration in his person, than he exclaimed, with a look of horror—"Oh! the leech; the devil fly away with his bleedings and purgings! does he think that a christian's belly is to be made a tho-

roughfare for the contents of his shop to pass through?"—and continued a long oration not much to the advantage of the doctor's character. Dick conceiving at last no very exalted opinion of his apothecary's abilities, had the temerity to refuse swallowing any more of his draughts. Bolus, surprised at this, applied his cane to his mouth (his usual mode of study) pronounced the patient delirious, and drawing forth his instruments, said that he must bring him still lower. Our hero exerting what little strength the doctor had left him, declared that he would not lose another ounce of blood to save

him.

him from perdition; and the apothecary finding his patient obstinate, left him to take his chance. Indeed it was fortunate that Dick came to this resolution; for had he proved a little longer obedient, Death would in all probability have completed what Bolus had begun. Pegasus was much pleased to see health revisiting his friend, and Toby danced about like one distracted. Wher Bolus beheld his patient ecovering without his aid, he was somewhat chagrined; but the long exercise of his profession had rendered him incapable of feeling any sense of shame, and he still declared that his last bleed-

ing had done the business. One important service the doctor unquestionably did; for he completely physicked away Dick's melancholy, and our hero having regained his health and strength, resolved never again to let the cares of the world so oppress his mind, as to cause such another horrible bleeding and purgation.

## CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

*Distich offends Titlepage and Aristarchus.—Receives a letter from Scriblerus.—He and Toby set out for the village.—Various adventures at an inn.—a most dreadful exploit of Toby's, and the more dreadful consequences of it.*

No sooner did Distich make his appearance in the shop of Mr. Titlepage after his severe indisposition, than the whole tribe of authors (Sable excepted) beheld him as one who had risen from the dead; and so exasperated was the biographer, Mr. Lampoon, who had

had written his life, with a very circumstantial account of his dying moments, that he threatened to print it out of spite. Titlepage received him with greater civility than might have been expected from the tenor of his former conduct; but for this we can assign no reason, except that the bookseller might have suffered from his absence in a pecuniary way; for the productions of our hero were fortunate enough to meet with no inconsiderable share of public approbation.

Aristarchus had published during Dick's illness, a libel upon him, or rather one upon himself; for we are well

well assured that Distich would have rather been the subject than the author: a most contemptible piece of absurdity. Titlepage had printed it, and its sale had proved so bad, that three fourths of the impression lay upon the bookseller's hands. The old fellow was so exasperated at this that he lost all patience, and abused the unfortunate critic without mercy.

Dick being present during this terrible dispute, endeavoured to reconcile the contending parties, and this consequently brought up the subject of their disagreement. When our hero found that that he had been so shamefully lampooned,

he

he could no longer contain his anger; but applied his cane with such good will to the shoulders of Titlepage, that he capered with surprizing agility. Aristarchus rightly judging that his turn would come next, was preparing to retreat, but Dick perceiving his intention seized him forcibly by the ears, and having twisted them until water distilled from the sonnet-writer's eyes, he retired, leaving him to enjoy the fruits of his labour.

But when cool reflexion had taken possession of our hero's mind, he began to repent of his rashness; but Pegasus consoled him, by re-

presenting

presenting that they might meet with another employer who would treat them with more respect, and reward their labours with greater liberality. Toby now made his appearance, and after observing that his master was in a bitter passion, and *Harry Starkus* in wondrous tribulation, delivered Dick a letter, the contents of which were as follow:—

"Friend Richard,

"I write thee this epistle (and peradventure thou mayest profit therefrom,) to inform thee that thy relation is to all appearance on her death-bed, surrounded by the lusty deacon, Simon Razor, Timotheus

Timotheus Doleful, and William Goose, who watch over her and weep without ceasing. As I know thee to be a good lad, (save thou art at times troubled with sundry vanities) I would advise thee to hasten down to our village, and like the prodigal of old, prostrate thyself at the feet of thine aunt, who may pardon thee, and bequeath thee a legacy at which thou wilt not be grieved. Marvellous foul reports concerning thine absence have been spread abroad by the deacon, Goose, and others; and as they have sorely prejudiced thy relation against thee, they will likewise exhort her to disinherit thee,

that

that they may possess her riches and rejoice therein. I therefore advise thee, friend Richard, (for my friend thou art, and my friend thou shalt be, so long as thou continuest to walk uprightly,) to return with what speed thou mayest, which will peradventure in the end profit thee exceedingly. Thine,

"Scriblerus."

Dick having perused the letter, asked the bearer how he came by it. Toby replied, that it had been addressed under cover to Titlepage, with directions to see it properly delivered; and that he, (Toby) fearing that the bookseller might withhold

withhold it, had taken the liberty of delivering it himself. Our hero gave Toby many hearty thanks for his fidelity, and after shewing it to Pegasus, asked his advice. The poet advised him to go by all means, and rescue the old lady's property from the sharks that surrounded her. "I would willingly accompany you," added he, "but to leave Fanny would be unkind indeed." When Toby heard that it was Dick's intention to depart, he felt a sudden discharge from his eyes, and began to blubber in good earnest; Pegasus caught the infection, nor was Distich wholly free from it.

But a formidable difficulty arose; which was, how he should obtain the means; for the joint amount of their riches would not be able to carry our hero half through his journey. Toby hearing this, said that he had a small matter which he was willing to lend, but that he must have personal security for the payment. Pegasus offered to be bound for his friend, but Toby said that would not do. "No, no," he cried, "but if Mr. Distich pleases, why as how I'll accompany him, that's all." So saying, he threw a leathern purse upon the table, containing ten guineas, which

which was the amount of the honest fellow's savings. Dick was much surprised at this strange offer, and taking his hand, replied that he should be happy of his company. "Why I hope I sha'nt disgrace you," cried he, "I can shew my face before any lord in the land, and the contents of this bag will keep us from starving." Such an example of generosity so affected our poets, that Toby endured their hugs by turns. Distich insisted on Toby taking back the purse, requesting the loan of two guineas, which would be sufficient to defray the expences of his journey; but our hero was ultimately persuaded

to

to accept of a moiety of the cash, which he did with much reluctance.

Their expedition admitting of no delay, Dick having taken a most affectionate leave of Pegasus, set forward with his companion Toby (who did not take the trouble to inform Titlepage of his departure) on their journey to the village. It was proposed that they should walk part of the way, and take advantage of any occasional conveyance that they might meet with on the road. They marched on at a good pace, until it became dusk, when they arrived at a decent looking house, where they deter-

mined to pass the night. They were received by the landlady in a very civil manner, who promised to accommodate them with a bed. The landlord appeared to be a poor meek creature who said little, but the surprizing loquacity of his wife made up for that deficiency. Our travellers had not been long housed, before a chaise drove furiously into the yard, and two young gentlemen alighted. "Wauns, ge'mmen," cried the post-boy, "we have ran hard." The party then entered the house, and the landlady and her husband became mighty officious. The two strangers were of the most interesting appearance;

the elder one was remarkably handsome and well made, but the other possessed a countenance exquisitely beautiful, with a delicacy of complexion and shape altogether surprizing. The hostess at the appearance of two such smart cavaliers, smoothed her countenance into a look of complacency, and behaved unusually polite. "Upon my honor," she cried, "it is a thousand pities that two such pretty gentlemen should travel about the country such a dark night as this. I hope your honors don't intend to go farther till morning." The elder of the two asked if there was any company in the house.—"Not

a soul, your honors," replied the landlady, "but two raw boys;" meaning Distich and Toby. The strangers were conducted into a private room, and the post-boy made his appearance in the kitchen. The landlady began to sound him concerning her guests, but he revealed little to satisfy her curiosity. "All I know of 'em," quoth he, "is, that they jabbered together in some foreign outlandish lingo, and axed me to drive as hard as I could; as for my part I thinks as how they be no better than they should be; for they seemed woundily scared." "I have it," cried the landlord, who had hitherto sat silent,

silent, "they are a couple of spies, come to betray the government."—"Out upon thy fool's head," retorted his rib, "spies indeed!" They were now interrupted by the arrival of another company, and the first words that saluted their ears were, "Ho, within, halloo, damme! house I say!" The landlady was the first to rise, and having admitted the strangers, the same hoarse voice again exclaimed —"Have ye any company within, d——n my blood!" The curiosity of our travellers drew them from the fire, and the first object which met their view, was a tall fierce figure drest in regimentals, and

the next a plain looking man somewhat advanced in years, who was making inquiries of the landlady. "Indeed sir," replied she, "no such persons have arrived here."—"Not arrived!" roared the soldier. "We may be mistaken, Captain," cried the old man; "they have probably proceeded farther, therefore we had better continue our pursuit."—"Yes by G—d!" exclaimed the other; "if that be the case, we must fly along like the devil in a whirlwind." So saying, they re-entered the vehicle, and desired the boy to drive to the next stage. This singular adventure was the subject of discussion among the party in the

kitchen;

kitchen; when the bell rung, and the landlady rose to answer the summons. She returned after a short absence, and acquainted the company that her guests had made an open confession;—that the handsomest of the two was a young lady, on the point of being compelled to marry the bully captain who had made such a hectoring; that her companion and lover, had effected her escape; and the little old man who came with the officer was her father, and in close pursuit of the fugitives. "To be sure," cried the good woman, "they were such a charming couple, and the young gentleman talked so prettily,

 that

that I could not help promising to keep the affair secret." But a more powerful inducement had been held out to the landlady; namely, five guineas, which had been presented her for the purpose of better ensuring her secrecy; and these golden arguments had so won the affections of the hostess, that she entertained the company with their praises the remainder of the evening. As it grew late, all parties thought of retiring; the landlady conducted the young lady to her chamber, while the lover reposed on a couch without undressing; Dick and Toby were shewn to a tolerably decent

decent bed; the bar-maid ascended to the garret; the master and mistress retired to each other's arms, but the unlucky post-boy was obliged to take up with his horses in the stable.

Now the hour arrived when troubled ghosts rise from their gloomy sepulchres to drink the midnight dew, when elves and fairies hold their nocturnal gambols, and Lapland witches dance round the burning cauldron of enchantment:—in the language of prose, it was twelve o'clock, and every soul in the house wrapped in a sound sleep.

Many wonderful tales have been told concerning persons who walk in

in their slumbers. Men have risen in the night, unbolted the doors, saddled their horses, and taken a pleasant ride. And women under the like powerful influence have stole from the sides of their snoring husbands, and unwittingly entered the beds of other men, to the eternal detriment of their reputations.

Now Toby was unhappily subject to take the nocturnal peregrinations, and when the clock announced the twelfth hour, he rose like a troubled spirit from the side of his bed-fellow Dick, and with great composure walked down stairs. Having wandered about for some time, he at last entered the

chamber of the landlord, crept into bed betwixt the fond couple, and thus ended his midnight rambles. The triumvirate continued to sleep soundly; but when Aurora began to tinge the hills with returning light, the good woman stretched out her arms to clasp her sleeping spouse, when O! unfortunate event! she bestowed upon the unconscious Toby a hug truly matrimonial. The poor fellow at this unexpected embrace, awoke, and finding himself in the arms of a woman, exclaimed "Lord have mercy upon me!" and leaped from the bed. The landlady who was before but half awake, at this ejaculation,

rubbed her eyes, and beholding Toby standing aghast shivering with terror, screamed out "Ruined and undone!"—Her husband roused by the noise joined in the cry, without being able to unravel the meaning of the spectacle. "Oh! you villain!" cried the enraged hostess, "I'll teach you to violate my honor." And then pinched him with infinite good will. In vain did the distracted Toby endeavour to convince her of his innocence; and the woman being now assisted by her husband, belaboured the carcase of the supposed ravisher without mercy. By this time an alarm had spread

through

through the house, and the inmates came running to the scene of action. Distich seeing the woeful condition of his companion, went to his assistance, and succeeded in rescuing him from the blows of the landlady: a cessation of hostilities happily took place, and an inquiry into the culprit's conduct was set on foot. Every thing was related in a very circumstantial manner by Toby; he owned that he had got into bed to the hostess, but called the saints in heaven to witness that he was innocent of any bad intent; he acknowledged that he had a cursed knack of walking in his sleep, and imputed the pre-

sent unlucky adventure to that infirmity. The simplicity of the poor fellow gained him credit; he was acquitted of the odious part of the charge, and received the pardon o the landlady. Every thing being properly settled, the parties reconciled, and breakfast finished, the young lady and her lover left the house, with the blessings of the hostess, while Dick and his companion departed shortly after on their journey to the village.

## CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

*In which the biographer recordeth many surprising adventures, and our hero and his companion arrive at the village.*

OUR travellers having continued their journey for some hours, found themselves so much fatigued, as to tempt them to enter a waggon which was at that time passing. The only person in it was an old woman who conversed with the planets, and could tell any body's fortune but her own. She made it her business to travel from vil-

lage

lage to village to acquaint young maidens if their lovers were true, and bestow consolation to ancient virgins whose charms were on the wane, by promising them future sweethearts. So great was her reputation, that many fond husbands applied to her to know when they might be at liberty to marry again; and several discreet wives had bribed the old sybil to declare when they were likely to become disconsolate widows.

They had not proceeded more than a mile in profound silence, before Toby suddenly started up, and exclaimed, "No, no, Mr. Lucifer, none of your gallopings for me!"

me!" Dick surprised at the ejaculation, laid hold of him, and demanded the cause of his outcry. The poor fellow looked mighty foolish, and declared he had dreamt that he saw the devil riding upon a black ram, and that Lucifer invited him to get up behind. No sooner did the old prophetess hear this, than she declared that the dream foreboded no good to Toby: that a black ram was the hieroglyphical signification of a lawyer, as a leech, or a bloodhound, is that of an apothecary; and that his dream signified the devil riding a lawyer, which was nothing uncommon to gentlemen of that profession.

sion. At the very mention of this, Toby began to sweat; for he considered lawyers and physicians as ministers of Lucifer and death; and indeed the poor fellow had formerly suffered from the villainy of an attorney, which caused him to bear them a more than ordinary antipathy.

Toby continued to brood over the interpretation of the hag until they reached the next stage, where our travellers alighted from the waggon and entered an inn, which appeared to be in great confusion. The landlord was running to and fro, scolding his wife and servants, who were following him in all directions.

rectios. "A p—x confound ye all," he cried, "must, I answer every bell in the house, and keep a kennel of lazy wenches about me for nothing?"—"But, my dear," replied his wife, "the officers have ordered a private room." "Go to h—ll," cried the savage, "am I to maintain a parcel of lounging soldiers, though we pay taxes to support them?—Hang 'em, say I; here they come with appetites sharper than their swords, and expect to be treated like gentlefolks, without a penny in their pockets." Dick and Toby now entered a room, where they beheld with infinite surprize the blustering captain

tain who had raised such an outcry at the last inn; he had that moment recognized a brother collegiate in the person of one of the officers belonging to the soldiers quartered at the inn. "My dear Captain Wildfire," cried Rakehell, "what brings you down in these parts?"—"A cursed bite," replied Wildfire; "I have run after a little puss, in company with her old father, and all for nothing. I expected at least thirty thousand on the wedding-day, and as much more when Charon had ferried the old put over the river Styx; but when I gave him a hint touching the ready money, he had the impudence

dence to tell me that he would part with nothing while he lived; and then sheered off to London in high dudgeon, about an hour ago." "Deuce take these unconscionable rascals," exclaimed Rakehell, "they have the presumption to chuse gentlemen for their brats, and then refuse to satisfy their demands. But let their daughters die old maids, or wed some snivelling citizen, and revenge themselves by making him a cuckold."—"My dear Rakehell," replied Wildfire, "I heartily agree with your sentiments; half the women marry for nothing but to throw a cloak over the favors which they bestow on

gentlemen

gentlemen of our profession. But let us have a bottle, and drink perdition to Old Shakebags." A bottle was then called for, and a conversation took place of little benefit for us to record.

As the reader may be curious to know something concerning these two characters, it may not be improper to give an account of them.

Captain Wildfire is the natural son of an old nobleman, by a country wench, who had prudently called in his valet to assist in the manufacturing of our hero. At an early age he distinguished himself in the various scenes of dissi-

pation

pation incidental to high life; and to qualify him for a gentleman, was presented with a commission in the army, which he hath filled with as little advantage to his country as honor to himself. He is a man of great valour, and hath fought many duels; or what is just the same, hath been reported to have fought them. He is now looking out for a wife whose fortune shall enable him to discharge his debts, and procure him credit to incur more.

Captain Rakehell owed his situation to the beauty and compliance of his wife, whom he permitted to become the *chere ami* of a certain great personage, whose name stands

high in the service of Venus. This gentleman was present at the honorable business at Dun——k, being one of those that scampered away to the infinite entertainment of the enemy, who no doubt highly relished the quickness of our movements. He is one of those rascals who are a scandal to the military character, who owe their promotion to the most disgraceful means, and join in their characters the subtlety of a pimp, with the baseness of a coward.

Dick and Toby were now partaking of a very agreeable repast, for which they were indebted to the kindness of their landlady,

when

when they ere alarmed by a most tremendous uproar that arose in the kitchen. Betty, the bar-maid, had got Captain Wildfire under her, and was pummelling him most unmercifully; his friend Rakehell was kept at bay by the landlord, who encouraged the enraged Betty to revenge herself in a manner suited to her former fame. The captain finding himself likely to perish under the discipline of the exasperated fair one, made an effort to regain his legs, in which he succeeded, by overturning his antagonist, who was so little disconcerted, that she redoubled her fury, and levelling a blow at the

hero's

hero's nose, caused him to shed the first blood that ever he had done in battle. Finding himself so roughly treated by one of the softer sex, he attempted to draw his sword; but Betty spying his intention, snatched a boiling kettle from the fire, and discharging its contents upon Wildfire's legs, he danced, stamped and blasphemed, in a manner which caused great merriment among the company. From the experience he had already received of the enemy's prowess, he judged it prudent to sue for peace, which was accordingly granted; and the victorious Betty marched off with a large portion of

of the captain's epaulette and hair in her hand. But the circumstance which caused this terrible adventure as yet remains unexplained.

Captain Wildfire had been much stricken with the charms of the bar-maid, who was a damsel of buxom appearance; he had whispered many soft things in her ear, and ogled her violently: but Betty was perfect ice, and Wildfire suspected that she required something more than refined gallantry to melt her. Impressed with this idea, he thrust his hand into her fair bosom, seized her round the waist, and ravished her chaste lips with innumerable

rable kisses; which liberties so much alarmed the virtue of Betty, that she knocked down the son of Mars with a joint stool, and bestrode him in the manner already described.

Our adventurers now left the inn, and entered a stage, that they might proceed with greater expedition on their journey. The inside passengers were a fat quaker, a spruce dancing-master, and a fencing-master, together with a travelling quack. Dick placed himself betwixt the quaker and the quack, and Toby sat between the other gentlemen. The company were soon disturbed by the melodious

dious music of the quaker's nose, who had fallen into a sound sleep. The fencing-master's organs were much offended at this, and he proposed to wake him; which he did, by pulling Obadiah's nose, who started up and exclaimed, "Friend! why pullest thou mine organ of smelling?"—"Because," resumed the other, mimicking him, "thou didst snore intolerably." "I see," resumed the quaker, "that thou art full of vanities, and as such I pardon thee." The dancing-master spying his bulk, asked him if he loved a jig.—"Verily," cried Obadiah, "jigs I abominate, thou knowest that I dance not—truly thou

troublest me." The quaker being inwardly moved, gave vent to his wind, which the dancing-master pronounced to be done with a good *air*. The quack would have opened the window, but to this the fencing-master objected; remarking, that the company could not possibly be in want of *wind* while the quaker was in the coach. Every time that these sparks said any thing brilliant, they grinned at each other with much inward satisfaction. Distich was disgusted with their impertinence, and Toby sat contemplating with infinite wonder the portly appearance of Obadiah; for truly such a tun of divinity was

no common sight. The dancing-master now fell upon the quack, by asking him what execution he had done at the last village. The doctor cursed him for a puppy, and bade him mind his business. "Nay Doctor," cried the other, "don't be offended, every man to his trade."—"It does not become such fellows as you," replied the quack, "to travel about in borrowed clothes, and insult your betters. What, I suppose you are some pilfering valet out of place, or itinerant gamester escaped from the Fleet." This retort silenced the wit, but the fencing-master declared that if he had been so grossly

insulted, he would have challenged him. "As for my part," he cried, "I take an insult from no man; and I'll wager this silver-hilted sword that I have killed more people than any one in this assembly." "Nay, friend," cried the quaker, "thou should'st not have said so while the *doctor* is present." This sarcasm set Obadiah and the physician by the ears. "And pray, Mr. Quaker, is it for such a gross heap of sanctity as thee to ridicule our profession;—mind thine own workings and grumblings."—"Verily," replied the quaker, "I fear no grumblings, save those which thy physic is capable of raising."—

"Pray

"Pray gentlemen," cried the quack, "observe this tun of devotion, puffed up with pride and hypocrisy, yet endeavoring to pass upon the world an appearance of humility. Does religion swell that huge belly of his, or give colour to that scarlet-spotted countenance?"—"I beseech ye, brethren," replied Obadiah, "to behold the vanity of this illiterate quack, who travelleth about like a plague to spread pestilence around:—he hath peradventure been hunted from the village where he hath last sojourned, and is kicked about the country like a foot-ball." This altercation lasted until they reached another

 inn,

inn, where they stopped to change horses; the passengers took this opportunity of alighting to partake of some refreshment; but had scarcely sat down to a comfortable repast, before the coachman entered the room, and informed them that he was ready to depart. The quack-doctor, who had just commenced an attack upon a delicate chicken, was highly enraged, and swore that he would not budge an inch until he had satisfied the cravings of his appetite; while the quaker evinced considerable emotion. "I have no time to lose, your honors," cried the obliging driver, "so, an't please ye, I must

e'en go without you." This declaration made the company rise from the table, the quack muttering many hearty curses, while the spirit of Obadiah was grievously discomfited.

The party being again seated in the coach, found the fencing-master and the dancing-master had left them, and their places supplied by a Welch surgeon, and a strolling player. Our hero and Toby placed themselves close together, so that the Welchman in stepping in, found himself obligated to sit between the quaker and the doctor, upon which he exclaimed—" Cot pless my pones and blood! look

you, as I am a christian soul! I shall be suffocated." But finding there was no alternative, he took possession of his seat. The horses proceeded in such a slow manner, that the Welchman cried "Coot Lord deliver me! I have travelled in Wales, look you, and I would pring a mountain goat that should go petter than these peasts."—"In Wales, sir," cried the player, "why I have heard that the inhabitants live upon mountains like savages, and even eat one another." —"Then my coot sir, you have heard a ferry creat falsehood. The shentlemen in Wales are as civil, as polished, and as refined as any

in

in the whole world; and comprehend, respect and observe, the forms, rules, and ceremonies, of coot fellowship and coot breeding, and are no more savages (look you) than an Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman: and the persons who said so, must be either peggarly rogues who delight in falsehoods, misrepresentations and untruths; or a parcel of ideots, fools, and numskulls, who know no more about Wales and Welchmen, than I do of Jericho, or the Cham of Tartary." The player disconcerted at this sharp retort, began to attack the quaker, by asking him what were the inward workings of

his spirit. "Pity for thy folly," replied Obadiah. "Nay, old moralist," cried the actor, "were I as great a fool, as thou art an hypocrite, I should be the arrantest blockhead in Christendom."—"Hark'e, friend," resumed the quaker, "I see that thou art one of those who are fond of shewing their wit at another's expence; but at the same time cannot help exposing their own folly. I suppose thou art some travelling buffoon, some Jack-Pudding, or ragged disciple of Punchinello;—but recollect, that this is not a stage for mountebanks to practise their mummery."—"Egad thou art a wit!"

wit!" cried the player; "what spirit moveth thee now?"—"That of impertinence, namely thyself;" retorted the quaker:—"I beseech thee, jackanapes as thou art, to leave off these idle vanities; to keep thy tongue from defaming thy neighbour's reputation, and thy fingers from purloining his goods; lest in some evil hour thou shouldest be scourged for the one, and hanged for the other."—"Now, who would think," cried the player, "that such a rotundity of holiness could wax so wondrous impertinent?"—"If my belly troubleth thee," rejoined Obadiah, "thou must still be grieved; for though I

covet not the flesh, yet from the proper cherishing of my body doth this grievance arise."—"He is neither a shentleman porn or pred," cried Mr. Ap-Shenkin, (for that was the Welchman's name) who shall cavil, criticise, or abuse, any Christian's pody, plood, or pones. I have myself a ferry creat veneration for a round portly stomach; and I love, admire, and esteem any man, woman, or child, (look you) who shall possess a coot quantity of wholesome flesh."—"Aye," cried the quack, "but too great an oppression of fat is unwholesome; I myself have robbed a patient of eighty ounces of blood at a sitting

to

to reduce him."—"Eighty ounces!" exclaimed Mr. Ap-Shenkin with astonishment; "Cot pless me, you did surely bleed him to death. I should conceive, conjecture, and suppose, that the patient must have been as strong as Hercules, (look you) or as powerful as the mighty Sampson himself, to have borne such a violent phlebotomy: pray, sir, might I be so pold as to inquire where you studied?" This was a question which puzzled the doctor to answer, being member of a society of quacks who one day loll in their carriages, and the next are obliged to walk on foot: and when they chance to make a

lucky cure, their fame is quickly spread abroad, their advice courted, and they immediately start from a state of obscurity to one of popularity and affluence. The player again commenced his buffooneries, and made several attempts to play off his jests upon our hero; but the information of a clenched fist silenced the son of Thespis, and they proceed on their journey for some hours in pretty good humour. They then stopped at a town about a mile from the village; Dick and his companion alighted from the stage, and set out for the habitation of Scriblerus, where they soon arrived; and the reception they

met with from the parish-clerk will be recorded in due time and place with our ususal correctness.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

# Book the Second.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

*Which treateth of various particulars.*

HAVING conducted the reader through the first Book of this true history, we will permit him to take breath, and judge of what he hath already perused. Now we may compare our work unto a feast, and we sincerely hope that the various dishes already served up have suited the

the palates of those who have done us the honor to taste of them. We are well aware how utterly impossible it is to please all, because as the proverb saith "Many men, many minds."—For instance: I have beheld a delicate nymph turn up her nose at a roasted duck, or a handsome sirloin of E[illegible]sh beef; while a fricassee of frogs, or a dish of stewed mice hath highly delighted her. At another time, I have heard an Italian fidler scrape a few melting airs in horrible discord, which have enraptured a whole assembly; and a soft Signior squeak out some execrable ditty in a more execrable manner, which hath

hath entranced half a dozen fair ladies, who have cried "Oh! the dear creature! I vow to G—d I shall die!" while some amateur peer hath exclaimed "Angelico! divino! bravo! bravissimo!

It is therefore a difficult task in these days of refinement and civilization for an author to think of pleasing the public taste, if he produces nothing but what is of his own growth:—for the love of exotics doth so universally prevail, that an Egyptian sphinx will captivate the heart of a modern fair, and an ape in bronze, delight the eyes of a fine lady more than a powdered beau.

Now

Now with all due respect to the august body of critics, (at whose dread tribunal we must shortly appear) we do most earnestly beseech them to be *sober* when they undertake to judge this work; for as drunkards are very apt to see things double, the critics may perhaps spy *two* blunders instead of *one*. They may ask for what purpose we made our hero travel to London?—Why truly, that the reader might travel with him, and we sincerely hope that he hath proved an agreeable companion.

There are some authors, who anticipating the remarks which are likely to be made upon their works,

turn

turn their own reviewers, and bestow the lash (very gently) upon themselves: this is similar to the pious disciplinants of the church of Rome, who inflict stripes upon their bodies in the dark. For an author is as little inclined to abuse his own production, as a friar is to bestow lashes on his bare back.

But methinks I hear the reader pronounce a hearty curse upon this impertinent chapter. If he be a critic he will doubtless consign it to damnation; but if nothing more than a reader who seeks for entertainment, he will pass over it, and peruse the thread of our history. But, critic, or whatever else, we

would

would not willingly offend; and sooner than incur the imputation of dullness, we will conclude this digression, and pursue the relation of our adventures.

CHAPTER

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*Dick and Toby's reception from the parish-clerk. —Our Hero's interview with his relation.— Some account of Scriblerus and his daughter.*

SCRIBLERUS no sooner beheld his friend Distich, than he tenderly embraced him, and gave him a hearty welcome to his native village! "I rejoice, my dear child" cried the parish-clerk, "to see thee again at this thy place of nativity, safe arrived from the great metropolis were vice aboundeth, and sin rageth about like a pestilence. Consider, my

my dear child, I beseech thee, seriously to consider about thy future plan of life; leave off those idle gambols, for by such thou art rendering thyself odious to the wiser part of mankind, who though they would pardon thee in the days of thy youth, would in thy riper years heartly condemn thee." This advice was uttered by Scriblerus in such an impressive, yet friendly manner, that our hero was much affected, and Toby's eyes swam in tears. "I have ever considered thee," continued he, "as my own child since the death of thy parents, for in truth, thy father was a good lad; thy mother was like-

wise

wise a damsel modest and discreet, though somewhat of an enthusiast in her opinions; but it is not for us to condemn any particular sect, as virtue is the grand object which is alone able to ensure us happiness in this world, and in that which is to come. But thine aunt is lying on her death-bed, and a sincere repentance of thy past follies may induce her not to forget thee in her dying moments; for thou art her only relative; beside thou art an orphan, which is a sufficient claim upon the humanity of thy fellow-creatures."

Dick introduced Toby to Scriblerus, who received him very graciously.

ciously. "Friend Toby, or Tobias," he cried, "thou seemest to be a simple honest lad; what dost thou intend to do?"—"Why, an't please your worship," replied Toby, "I do think to set up a school"—"Set up a school Toby," joined Scriblerus, "what, art thou qualified to teach scholars?"—"Yes, an't please your worship, "I can learn 'em the Latin lingos, as *hic, hac, hoc, genitive hujus, amo, amas, amavi, vocative O! ablative ab, hac, hoc.*"—"Stop there, I beseech thee, friend Toby," cried the parish-clerk, thou settest all grammar at defiance; dost thou understand thine own language well?"—O! purely,

purely, I can *conjecture* pronouns, and *recline* verbs in a manner that would surprise you."—"It would indeed surprize me, Toby, to hear thee do that. But now friend Distich I would advise thee to repair to thine aunt with all expedition, lest she die in the mean time." This advice was immediately taken by our hero, who set forward, and was encountered in the way by Mrs. Snapdragon, one of the old women who bore him such a deadly hatred. "What, young Graceless," cried the beldame, "have you returned?" But Distich took no notice of her, and

 walked

walked on until he reached his place of destination.

No sooner was his arrival announced, than the lusty deacon met him in the entry, and requested him to be gone, nor think of disturbing the old lady in her dying moments; but Dick without further ceremony overturned the deacon, and proceeded farther, until another obstacle impeded his progress; namely, Timothy Doleful, who sat weeping, and bade him for the passion of Christ not think of entering into the presence of the expiring saint; but Timotheus received a kick on the breech; and

our

our hero was once more obstructed by Simon Razor, who would have persuaded him that the old lady was really dead. But Razor got no better reward for his information, than having his heels tripped up; and Dick having at last reached the door of the chamber where his relation was confined, beheld William Goose, making grievous lamentations, and beseeching him in the bowels of the Lord to let the old lady die in peace:—but Dick made no reply, and tumbled the unfortunate Goose down stairs. He then entered the room, and found the old lady lying in bed, attended by a doctor; he ap-

proached her with reverence, knelt down and asked her forgiveness and blessing. The old lady had ever borne much affection for her nephew, and had experienced severe regret at his abrupt departure; no sooner then did she behold him in that posture, than raising herself up, she replied in a feeble voice:—

"I pardon thee, my dear child; for thy faults are not those of mature age, but the follies of thy youth. I am hastening to another world, and from this scene thou mayest learn a lesson—that one day thou shalt be brought to this state. Regulate, therefore, thy future life by the precepts of

virtue and religion, which will be thy greatest consolation in a dying hour. I have left thee a legacy in my will, though thou wert disobedient; but at this instance of sincere repentance of the past, and promise of amendment for the future, I will (if heaven permit) double that legacy; send therefore for a scrivener that I may execute the deed, and Heaven prosper thee in the fulfilment of it." Our hero wept bitterly at the old lady's generosity, but was too wise not to obey her request, and immediately left the room to procure a lawyer. The deacon and his companions having overheard the whole

whole of this discourse, were greatly alarmed, and all flew upon Dick to arrest his flight; but he soon disengaged himself, and ran in quest of lawyer Shark, who immediately obeyed the summons. The deed was duly executed, and the attorney retired highly pleased, having received double the amount of his customary fee.

The deacon having in his heart discharged a multitude of curses against the old lady, Distich, and lawyer Shark, was thinking how he should make the most of his legacy, when the physician made his appearance. The good man made many inquiries of him con-

cerning

cerning his patient, and to his great joy, received such answers as confirmed him that the old lady's dissolution was hourly expected. The doctor having retired, the deacon took Distich aside, and thus addressed him:—

"My dear friend, thou seest from the example before thee, that death is the portion of all mankind; let me therefore beseech thee to quit thine evil ways, which I now pardon out of compassion to thy youth. It is true we shall lose a most worthy member of our society by the death of thy relation; [*here he whined;*] but death parts the best of friends: [*he now*

*squeezed forth tears.*] It will be a glorious victory over the old serpent, if thou wilt turn convert."—Here Goose entered the room with the intelligence that dinner was ready; at which information the deacon recovered his spirits, and hastened to partake of it, while Dick returned to the house of Scriblerus to inform him of the success of his mission.

When the parish clerk became acquainted with our hero's good fortune, he pronounced many blessings upon the old lady for her humanity, while Toby danced about for joy. He also made several kind inquires after Pegasus, and

was much distressed to hear of the ill treatment which they had experienced from Titlepage.

The parish-clerk was a character highly respected in the village; he was a man of some learning, with a deal of good sense and good humour. He had filled his present situation for five-and-twenty years; the amiableness of his disposition had engaged all parties in his favor, while his strict integrity created universal respect and admiration. He possessed more influence in the parish than even the curate himself; and all disputes among the poorer class were referred to his arbitration. Out of the slender

income that arose from his situation, which he increased by a little school, he did more good than all the squires in the place; the unfortunate had ever the strongest claims upon his humanity, and his heart and purse were open to all who stood in need of protection and support. He had been married in his youth, but his wife happening to be of the Xantippe breed, after having talked two husbands to death before her, contrived to talk herself to death at last: he had in consequence of this never ventured to take another, and remained a widower.

His only companion was a lovely daughter,

daughter, who was esteemed the greatest beauty in the village; and indeed the whole country round: he had early instilled into her mind the precepts of virtue, and under his tuition she had acquired an excellent education. She was at this time about eighteen years of age, with a set of features exquisitely beautiful; her fine black eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre, her hair hung in ringlets down her neck, her complexion was rather inclined to the brunette, yet of such matchless delicacy that it ravished the eyes of every beholder. Her countenance was expressive of sincerity, a continual

bloom

bloom of health glowed in her cheeks, and her figure was altogether unexceptionable. Maria, (for that was her name) managed the domestic affairs with the greatest economy; she was a pattern of industry, beauty, and modesty; no wonder then that Scriblerus loved her with all the affection of a doating father. But we must leave her for the present, to relate an adventure, which the reader will find in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

*A tremendous battle betwixt Mrs. Doleful and Mrs. Goose, with its cause and effects.*

It hath been frequently remarked, that persons of phlegmatic dispositions are apt to suffer in good earnest for imaginary evils; while those of a more sanguine turn of mind, enjoy by anticipation, what they perhaps are never doomed to possess; and still more ridiculous, fall out about it. Just so did it happen with two fair ones in the village, Mrs. Doleful and Mrs. Goose,

Goose, the wives of Timotheus and William, already celebrated.

Now Mr. Shark, as the attorney who had made the old lady's will, was well acquainted with the various legacies bequeathed by her; and among others discovered one left jointly to Timothy Doleful and William Goose: this was a small piece of ground, one half of which remained open, and the other enclosed by an oak fence; the old lady had not specified what particular part should go to either, leaving that to be amicably settled between themselves. This discovery he communicated to the good women, which caused the very dis-

agreeable

agreeable adventure we are about to record.

Mrs. Doleful put in her claim to the enclosed half, by urging the superior piety of Timotheus. "Indeed, Madam," replied Mrs. Goose, "the whole parish knows that my spouse is the most religious of the two."—"A fig for the parish!" retorted Dame Doleful, "did'nt my husband groan so loud last Sunday that he woke the congregation?"—"Aye, and didn't mine, Madam," replied the other, "make such a pool, with weeping, that the deacon complained that it rotted the boards?" Mrs. Goose declared that her husband never

put

put in a stitch on the sabbath; and Mrs. Doleful swore that Timothy never shod a horse on that day, except the curate's.—Mrs. Doleful dropped some sly insinuations relative to a tailor's *hell*; which were answered by *fiery* observations upon a blacksmith's forge. They then made remarks on each other; Mrs. Doleful took notice of Mrs. Goose's lame leg, and Mrs. Goose rallied Mrs. Doleful on her squinting eye. From persons, they proceeded to characters. The blacksmith's wife repeated a certain saying, and began to dispute Goose's manhood; which so enraged the tailor's wife, that

she

she declared that all Doleful's fire was spent in his forge. They now began to attack each other; Mrs. Doleful fixed her talons fast upon Mrs. Goose's cap, which was sacrificed in a twinkling; and the tailor's wife resolving not to be outdone, flew like a tigress at her antagonist, who boldly resisted the attack, and scarified the countenance of Mrs. Doleful in a frightful manner. Victory now seemed to favor the cause of Mrs. Goose, but "*Omnium bellorum exitus incerti sunt*:" for the enemy finding herself worsted, resolved to perish like a heroine, and made one grand effort, by darting forward her pericranium

cranium with all her might, which made a most grievous assault upon the stomach of Mrs. Goose, who was overturned in a trice. The conqueress forgetting the laws of battle, jumped upon her fallen enemy, and seizing her by the hair which was short and thick, would have actually put an end to her existence, had not the deacon chanced to pass by the scene of action, and commanded the fair to put an end to a combat, which bore such evident marks of fatality. Mrs. Doleful was ashamed of being discovered in that situation, and immediately obeyed the preacher, who assisted Mrs. Goose in rising; but

but the sight of her bare bosom so much alarmed him, that he was fain to turn aside from the strange spectacle.

The economy of their persons being a little restored, the Deacon proceeded to enquire into the cause of the late dreadful adventure:—each of the combattants began to tell the story in her own favor, but the Deacon had sufficient penetration to discover that lawyer Shark had instigated the whole.

"I beseech ye, my dear children," he exclaimed "to give over this sinful dispute, which hath been productive of such woeful effects.—It is the

vile

vile Attorney, who hath caused all this, by communicating to ye the particulars of your legacy, to sow the seeds of dissention amongst ye, that ye might have recourse to the law, which would not only swallow up the half which is open, but that which is enclosed likewise.—Now in case death should put your husbands in possession of their legacy, let the fence be pulled down, and converted unto charitable uses.—I therefore beseech ye, my dear children, to combat no more, but dwell together in peace and unity."

This advice had such a good effect, that both dropped upon their

knees before the Deacon blubbering contrition, and became reconciled to each other, in spite of Mrs. Doleful's scarified countenance, and Mrs. Goose's stomacher; they likewise agreed to play off some trick upon lawyer Shark; but whether this charitable intent was ever put into practise we cannot say, though certain it is, that the Attorney was shortly after waylaid, and so miserably goaded with thorns and nettles, that he was a prisoner in his chamber for the space of a month; which happening to be during the assizes, it is said that no less than half a dozen poor families were saved from ruin; and various petty indictments

quashed

quashed on account of his temporary confinement.

The news of this battle was soon buzzed through the village, to the infinite delight of the old gossips, who unless they have something to talk about, grow peevish and melancholy.—When mother Snapdragon lost her eye, (for which obligation she was indebted to a profane old woman, who in a very warm dispute concerning *faith* and *good works*, plunged a long knitting needle into that precious organ of vision,) it became the subject of discourse for six months, and afforded entertainment every time it was related.—And who will wonder,

when he considers what vast powers of magnification there are in an old woman's tongue?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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